

Me Royalty?

by Lil'PeiceOfCrap

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Summary: Penelope finds a friend that bring backs Pashmina's childhood. Now She is on a mission that she has to finish... before its to late! T for alchol. R&R

## 1. Pashmina's Childhood

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro or anything about Hamtaro.\*\*

\*\*Claimer: I do own Mia, Hope, the dad, Beatrice, and Connie. I made them up. Although you'll never see most of them again, I still made them up.\*\*

It was a rainy day. Outside was gray and so were the hamsters in the clubhouse. The pitter patter on the roof made everyone drowsy. It certainly wasn't a day for fun. The little door opened and in walked a young hamster named Penelope. The hamster under the cute yellow blanket smiled and with a grin said, "Ookwee!" Although no one except Pashmina knew what she had just said, they knew what she meant. In her little paws was a little cricket. She often found little animals and fell in love with them. But this one was different, this one had a tale that not one of the ham hams thought would happen, a tale that would change their lives, forever.

"That's a nice cricket you got there, Penny!" The valley girl, known as Sandy, said patted Penelope on the back. Penelope smiled in pride. She sneezed slightly and fell down. "Penelope, did you catch a cold in that rain?" Pashmina, the guardian of the small hamster, said hugging her. Penelope nodded sleepily and sneezed again. Pashmina and the rest of the girls helped her into bed and sang her to sleep. "I wish there was something to do." Boss said in a bored tone. "When I heard our owners were going for a week, I was happy! But I didn't think it would be so boring!" Hamtaro said laying his head on the table. They heard some thunder that made them jump. Maxwell looked up from his book. "Guys, there is something strange about that cricket Penelope found." He said pointing at his book. The hamsters crowded

around him and looked at the book. "What about the book partner?" The western ham, Howdy, asked. "None of these crickets, that are commonly found here, look like the one she has." "And?" The hamsters didn't know what he was getting at. "It's just odd." Maxwell said returning to his book.

The sun was setting. Or at least they thought it was. Its hard to tell when huge clouds are in the way. Sandy, Maxwell, Stan, Howdy, Dexter, and Cappy had to get back to their owners. The rest were staying for the week while their owners were at camp. Penelope came into the main room while holding a little teddy bear. "Where'd Penelope get that?" Hamtaro said cocking his head. The ham hams had never seen it before. "Our mother gave it to us." Pashmina said putting down the hamster sized cards that they were playing with. "Your mother?" The French hamster, Bijou asked in her cute French accent. Penelope jumped into Pashmina's lap. "Yes, it was a long time ago, but I remember it." Pashmina said smiling down at Penelope. "Well, I'm losing anyways, why doncha tell us." Boss said putting his cards down. Penelope cuddled the stuffed bear and got ready for a story. "Ookwee!" Pashmina started her story. "I was really little, and I lived in England."

#### Flashback

The mother hamster stood up and smiled. "Pashmina, darling could you come her for a moment?" The little Pashmina stopped coloring her picture. Pashmina had no scarf yet, she looked like just a mini version of how she looks now, only she had a little pony tail on the top of her head. "Coming Mommy!" She said putting away her crayons. She lived with her mom and dad in London, with their owner, Amelia. Pashmina scurried into her parent's hamster house. Hope, (That's her mom's name.) got off her bed and went over to Pashmina. "Mia, (That's their owner's nickname.) is going to her friends house." Pashmina knew what she was going to say. Mia's friend had a pet hamster named Connie. She was white with light blue ears. Pashmina smiled and ran to her hamster wheel. She started running as fast as she could. The maid came in and started dusting. Pashmina loved the maid because she often gave her treats. "Hey! It's Beatrice! Wonder what she has for me today!" Beatrice smiled at the little hamster and took a little hamster treat out of her pocket. Pashmina happily gobbled it up. She the yawned and went into her house and took a nap.

"Pashmina, wake up!" Pashmina opened her eyes. Her mother was standing there with a worried expression on her face. Pashmina looked around. She didn't know why her mother was so worried. But when she sniffed the air, she smelled a smell she only smelled in the kitchen, fire. She sat up quickly and panicked. "Pashmina, we have to get out!" Pashmina's dad said picking her up. Flames were everywhere and the smoke made it hard to breath. Pashmina coughed and fell out of her dad's arms when the water bottle fell on him. Pashmina got up and tried to lift the water bottle, but it was to heavy. Her mom came next to her and they managed to lift it up. When they came to the cage door flames rose to the ceiling. A board fell and Pashmina squeaked. They all climbed down the table leg and got off just as the table came crashing down. Her dad grabbed her paw and they ran towards the window. Flames surrounded them. Pashmina coughed again and said through tears, "What are we going to do?" Her father looked down at her. "We'll have to run through it." "Are you mad?" Her mom said clinging onto Pashmina. "No, I just want to live." They nodded at eachother and grabbed onto Pashmina. Pashmina held her eyes shut

and said a short prayer. "Please keep us safe! And if I die, please keep my sister safe!" Her mother was expecting a baby. They charged at the flames and jumped. Pashmina squealed in pain. They landed with a thud on the other side. Pashmina's stubby little fingers were badly burned. With the energy they had left, they climbed to the window sill. "I forgot something!" Her mom said jumping back down. "By God woman!" Her father said yelling after her. She just kept running. He shook his head and looked down at Pashmina. "You'll have to jump down Pashmina." Pashmina shook her head in fear. "Pashmina, we'll be alright! Just jump!" Pashmina looked down. She really thought her dad went mad. They were two stories up. Pashmina looked back at her dad, quivering with fear. "Will you and mommy be alright?" Pashmina asked. Her father nodded. Pashmina closed her eyes tight, counted to 3, and leaped into the air. "\_I hope!\_" Her father thought as he looked back into the room, which was now falling apart. He finally saw Hope dashing through the flames. He climbed down and carried her up to the window, kissed, and jumped.

Pashmina landed on some bushes and wasn't harmed. She climbed down and shook her fur. She certainly had battle wounds. She had burns all over her body. It hurt like heck! She looked above her and saw her parents falling into the bushes. When they got down, they walked over to a tree and watched as their home burned to the ground. Mia was hugging her mom and crying like crazy. "This is my entire fault! I forgot about the soup!" Beatrice said, feeling as though she let Mia down. Mia looked up at Beatrice. "Don't say that!" A fireman came out holding a hamster cage. In it was a little hamster. Mia picked up the little hamster. "This is Hope's new hamster!" She said through tears. The hamsters got up and breathing heavily, went to their owner. Mia looked down and saw her pets. "You are all alright!" She picked them up and hugged them. They all watched as the home they loved was burned to the ground. A little while later, Hope was much burned and was lying down on the ground. "Mom, please get better!" Pashmina was hugging her mother. "Pashmina, I want you to have these." Her mom said handing her a scarf and teddy bear. "I want you to share the teddy bear with your sister." Pashmina put on the pink fuzzy scarf, it was a little big. "You'll grow into it!" Hope said smiling. "Mommy I can't go on without you!" Pashmina said crying hysterically. Hope coughed and smiled at her daughter. "Oh, you'll manage, you always do." Hope hugged her family and then, in a sad voice said, "Good bye." Hope's cold hand fell out of Pashmina's. In a whisper Pashmina said, "why." Pashmina clung onto her mom, crying. (\*\*A/N this is so sad\*\*!) Amelia had a funeral and buried Hope under the tree. "Good bye Hope." Mia said and put a stone on top of the grave. On the rock Pashmina wrote, "Good bye mom, forever." She hugged her baby sister and said, "I'll take care of you forever, Penelope!"

End flashback

"After that, Mia had to move and couldn't keep us. We were sent to a pet store and June and Kylie ordered us. I never saw my dad again." She looked up, everyone was in shock. "I know where you can find your dad." Said a small voice. Everyone looked back and standing behind them was the cricket.

\*\*Sad huh? Well you'll have to review to read more!\*\*

Hiya! How's it going? Good! Well, I don't feel like talking, so I'll just get to the storyâ€!

Pashmina looked at the cricket as if he were an angel. "My dad?" She said these words slowly.

"Yes, and zhere eez something that goes with eet." He said. "Allow moi to introduce myself, I am Pierre." He took his beret off and did a little bow.

"Just tell me how you know him." Pashmina said.

#### Flashback

Pierre hopped through the fields happily untill he heard a strange sound. Like someone was crying. He slowly walked forward and saw a hamster. He looked rather beaten up and tired. He hiccupped and looked over at Pierre. Pierre walked forward and did a bow.

"Bornjour, I am Pierre." He sat quietly and waited for a reply.

"What does that hic have to do with anything?" He sobbed. Pierre noticed a wine bottle in the hamster's paws. "I lost everything, hic my home, my hic wife, and my daughters." He wiped his tears and drank a large sip from the bottle. Pierre wondered if he should just leave, but his heart is just too big for that.

"I'm sure you didn't lose everything, how did you lose them?"

"2 months ago there was a fire that hic killed my wife. When my owner moved she left me and my two hic beautiful daughters at a pet store. hic my girls were sent to America without me. I was so devastated hic I left the store. I started working at a restaurant to earn a living and maybe re-marry, but was fired. I then ran hic away to an alley where I had a fight with a cat and lost hic part of my left ear. I was so sad I thought of killing myself, instead I drink all the time." The old hamster's eyes swelled with tears and he drank some more wine.

"That story eez very sad, but allow moi to help you." Pierre said friendly. The hamster looked up at him with a puzzled look. "I will help you find your daughters if you help me."

The father looked at the small cricket. "Help you with hic what?"

"Help me get back to France." The cricket said, motioning him to follow.

"And how will you hic help me?" The hamster asked. Pierre turned around and grabbed the bottle wine. He them threw it into the field. They heard a crash and Pierre smiled, and kept going. The hamster looked back at the grass, tempted to run away from Pierre. "Okay, hic now how will we get to France?" The hamster asked. Pierre turned around and looked at him strangely.

"What eez your name?" Pierre asked. The hamster looked around, as if trying to remember.

"My name is Tacoâ€|" He said quietly, slightly embarrassed to say his name.

"I will help by giving you a new nameâ€|" Pierre thought and then put his finger in the air; Taco was almost expecting a light bulb to glow above his head. "I will call you Philippe." He said and then kept walking. Phillip scratched his head.

"How did that help me?" He asked, but the little cricket didn't answer. Instead he started climbing up a statue. Philippe looked around. "Uh, Pierre, I'm not exactly the best at climbingâ€|" Pierre was now halfway up the statue, and was clearly not listening. Philippe sighed and started mumbling to himself as he rubbed his hands together. He took a few steps back and then flung himself at the statue. He started moving his arms and legs around furiously, hoping somehow this would do something. It didn't. He fell off and landed with an OOF! He rubbed his backside and looked up at Pierre, who was looking down at him.

"You were right Philippe, you are awful!"

"Hey!" Pashmina interjected. "My dad isn't that bad!" Pashmina was listening intently to every word the French cricket said. "And Philippe does not fit his markings!" Referring to her father's gray and black blotches over his white coat.

"I think eet eez a lovely name." Bijou said sighing. Pierre nodded knowingly; pleased someone liked his talent in name picking.

"Hey Bijou, did I ever tell you my middle name is Philippe?" Boss asked, scooting closer to her.

"You told me it was Mary, Boss." Hamtaro said. Boss sweat dropped and shook his head.

"Nice try Boss!" Bijou said and scooted closer to Hamtaro.

"May I go on with my story now?" Pierre asked, everyone nodded and looked up at him. "Well, I couldn't carry him, maybe if I was an ant, but I'm notâ€|"

### Â§FlashbackÂ§

"A squirrel?" Philippe exclaimed. "I'm sorry Pierre, but I want to see my daughters with some dignity!"

"Do you always complain this much?" Pierre asked, climbing onto the squirrel. Philippe crossed his arms and plotted himself down.

"I'm not going with you." He said but was soon squirming to get free because the squirrel was picking him up. "Hey! Put me down!"

"Philippe, I'd stop squirming, it was either this or a pigeon." Philippe sighed and grabbed onto some loose fur as the squirrel leaped toward the train station.

"Why are we going there? I don't have any money for a ticket?" Pierre rolled his eyes and looked back at Philippe.

"Haven't you ever snuck onto a train before?" Pierre said and the squirrel then started going faster. Philippe gulped, he had never snuck onto anything before. He looked behind them to see how far away from the field where he desperately wanted to go back to; when he saw something he never wanted to see again.

"Uh, Pierre, could we go faster, we're being followed." Pierre looked back and saw what it was too, a cat. The squirrel had looked back too, and squeaked. It ran up a tree and Pierre and Philippe had to hold on for their dear little lives. "Pierre, if we don't get out of this alive, I want you to know, I love you!"

Pierre looked at him strangely and then back at the cat. "We're gonna get out alive Philippe!" He smiled and Philippe wondered what in the world he was talking about.

"Pierre, a cat is climbing toward us, and this trees height isn't endless!"

Pierre nodded and said, "Wi, but when a squirrel runs out of tree, eet jumps!" Just as he had said it, the squirrel leaped off the tree and landed on the next one, Philippe screaming the whole time. The cat hissed but was quickly pulled off the tree by some little kid

"That was great!" Pierre said laughing. Philippe was still clutching onto the squirrel's back and was breathing heavily.

The squirrel slowly crawled down the tree and started bounding toward the train station. They were almost there when they heard a voice. "Excuse me, but are you alright, that cat must have given you a fright!" The two turned around and Philippe gasped.

"Pierre, that's the queen ham of England!" Pierre made a "so?" look and pointed toward the train.

"We have to get going, and it's not like she's King Louis XIV." He looked back at Philippe and assumed he hadn't head a thing he had just said. "What's so great about the queen ham of England?"

"She's beautiful!"

So, like it? I know I haven't been on in likeâ€|. Ages, but I'm on now and hopefully at least most of your questions have been answered, if not, complain to 555-6789, where all your questions are ignored! Anyways, review!

(Happy Thanksgiving!)

End  
file.